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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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WHO WON THE WAR?

Who won the war?
"T was little Belgium stemmed the tide
Of ruthless hordes who thought to ride
Her borders through and prostrate France
Ere yet she'd time to raise her lance.
'T was plucky Belgium.

Who won the war?
Italia broke the galling chain
Which bound her to the guilty twin;
Then fought 'gainst odds till one of these
Lay prone and shattered at her knees.
'T was gallant Italy.

Who won the war?
Old England's watch dogs of the main
Their vigil kept, and not in vain;
For not a ship their wrath dared brave
Save those which skulked beneath the wave.
'T was mighty England.

Who won the war?
'T was France who wrote in noble rage
The grandest words on history's page,
"They shall not pass"—the devilish Hun;
And he could never pass Verdun.
'T was sturdy France.

Who won the war?
In darkest hour there rose a cry,
"Liberty, sweet Liberty, thou shalt not die!"
Thank God! they came across the sea,
Two million men and victory!
'T was glorious America.

Who won the war?
No one of these; not one, but all
Who answered Freedom's clarion call.
Each humble man who did his bit
In God's own book of fame is writ.
These won the war.
—Woodbury Pulsifer.

THE RIVALS

Manny Holt—William Manning Holt, Jr.—captain and quarter back of the Rockham College football team, came out of his father's big comfortable white house in Holtsville, stretched himself on the grass at full length, and once again read over the letter in his hand. A gleam of something like vindictive triumph flickered in his usually placid blue eyes. Then it faded, and his face grew boyish and natural again.

"It is only what he deserves," he muttered, "and yet somehow I don't half like it!"

The shade of the great elm under which he lay was very pleasant, and so was the soft, green velvet of the lawn. Manny was glad to be at home again. He was popular in Rockham, but he was even more popular here at home, where in spite of his father's money and influence and his own achievements at college he was still Manny to old and young. "College," was the verdict of the village, "hasn't done Manny a mite of harm."

Manny himself enthusiastically agreed with that conclusion. His three years at Rockham had been delightful; they had brought him friends, reputation, confidence in himself and the world. In all the sweet there was only one drop of bitterness.

Three seasons he had played on the Rockham eleven, and they had all ended in the same way. Each year, in the final struggle at Rockham or at Graydon, came the rocking crowds and streaming colors; the wild, tumultuous welcome to both teams; the painful hush, the first fierce shock, the eager thrill and steady toil of combat. Each year hope had risen and glowed and brightened—and then faded out.

Seven to six the score had been his first season. He had held the ball while the big centre tried for the final goal, for the point that would have meant a tie. But the kick failed, perhaps because Manny was not quite steady with the ball; at all events, that was a bitter hour. The next year, the game had endured for more than an hour without a score. Twice Manny, on double passes, had penetrated to the Graydon ten-yard line. And then had come the fluke, the dreadful fluke that gave the Graydon end the ball, a clear field and a touchdown.

But the third year was the hardest of all to bear. Graydon had admittedly the stronger team. Yet Rockham, by heroic work, had worn the heavier line out, had baffled the most brilliant plays, and finally, seizing its chance, had scored two points on a safety. And after that—to lose by virtue of a drop kick, from an impossible distance, at an angle that made luck everything and skill almost nothing at all—to lose thus, 3 to 21!

And the worst of it all was that the dropkicker, the wonderful freshman—who had turned defeat into victory for Graydon, was a Holtsville boy, with whom Manny himself

had played marbles and shinny, and to whom he had actually taught the game of football.

It was surprising enough that red-headed Tommy Wright should go to college at all; it was annoying that he should go to Graydon, instead of to Rockham; but that he should be the instrument of Rockham's defeat was more than Manny Holt could easily endure.

Yet, Manny thought, as he lay brooding, Tom Wright's choice of a college might have been expected.

Playmates Manny and Tom had been, but never really friends—rivals, rather. Manny had always headed one set, and Tom Wright another. Tom, who was the younger by only a year, and who was bright as well as strong had, always resented Manny's easy, undisputed mastery among the Holtsville boys.

When Mrs. Wright, who did the dressmaking for the village, accepted Mrs. Holt's gift of some of Manny's outgrown clothes, Tom had angrily refused to wear them. Manny's friendliness, backed as it was by fortune, had always seemed patronage to Tom; he did not refuse it, but he was restive and uneasy under it.

In athletic sports Tom had always hated to be beaten by Manny. They were respectively thirteen and fourteen years old when he first succeeded in defeating Manny at anything—a swimming race in the river. Halfway, Tom gained a lead of two feet; after that, it seemed to him, he would rather have drowned than let that lead slip away. With the other boys Tom was easy-going enough, but against Manny he carried his unreasonable longing for superiority into everything. The older boy realized it, and somehow it annoyed him.

But when Manny came back from his first year at Rockham and found that Tom had succeeded to his old position of leadership in Holtsville, he was not at all troubled. He had found a wider field now. When, a year later, however, Tom Wright enrolled himself at Graydon, Manny was angry and disappointed. He felt that Tom's choice had in it something bitter. And when, during that memorable game, as well as after it, Tom had seemed to show that he still cherished his old grudge, Manny had been angrier still.

Tom Wright would go on, Manny was certain, to splendid success, unless—well, the letter in his hand was that "unless." For the third time he read it:

"Dear Manny. I'm up here in Arlington, Vermont, with my uncle, and I have news for you. The fellow that runs the summer hotel has been getting up a ball team—you know the sort of thing; they play other hotel teams, and bring trade. Well, this chap—hold your breath!—has signed your young friend Wright, the Graydon full back! I had it from a fellow here who has seen Wright's letter, accepting. He is to play under the name of Jones, and of course he doesn't dream that anyone from away out West would turn up in this corner of New England. Now, I shan't say a word, of course, till I have all my evidence—not till I've seen him play and recognized him. Then—well, you know I always suspected that they paid the little beggar a salary at Graydon, and now I'm sure of it. What else would he want to go there for? Keep mum. There's altogether too much of this amateur-professional business, but we'll put a spoke in one wheel, anyway." Yours, Doll.

So this was to be the end of Tommy Wright. Manny knew Harry (alias Dolly) Gray; a tall, cautious, spectacled enthusiast. He would wait, making no mistake, until Wright had gone too far to have any chance of pretending innocence; then Dolly would fasten the guilt upon him.

And guilt it would be. To play under an assumed name—that was cheating and stealing. There were no other words for it. Whether or not Gray was correct in suspecting that Wright received pay from Graydon, now, at any rate, the boy meant to step outside the money; but there were other ways of earning it.

The question still remained to be settled: What ought he, Manny Holt, to do?

"Keep mum," Gray had

written. And in that answer Manny was inclined to coincide.

It was true that Tommy Wright had been an old acquaintance, and that a word from Manny now might keep him from spoiling his whole career. Yet had he the right to speak that word even if he wished to? Gray had given him strict orders to be silent. And behind those orders lay his duty to his college, to the eleven of which he was the captain. Graydon could not win without Wright in their line-up; with him, they might win, for the fourth time in succession. If Graydon won those victories fairly, that was merely the fortune of war; but if Wright were at heart a professional what business had Manny to prevent him from showing his guilt, and so affording Rockham a fair chance to win? Thus Manny reasoned, trying his best to be fair; and thus he at last decided that he would not interfere.

It was just at this point that his musings were interrupted. He had not heard the click of the front gate or the heavy breathing of the visitor who came slowly up the path; but now as she approached him he looked up.

He saw a large, fat woman, with a homely, friendly smile, who thrust her hand toward him. In the other hand she clutched a small paper package and a palm-leaf fan.

Manny rose and shook hands, although he was greatly embarrassed. For this, of all people, was Sarah Wright, Tom's mother.

"Well, Manny!" she panted as she beamed upon him. "I heard yesterday you was home, and I came over quick's I could get away. My, but you're looking fine! I guess college is a fine thing for boys; I know 'tis for my boy. Seen Tom yet, Manny? I left him cuttin' weeds out by the walk—such a hand to work I never saw the beat of, if he is my boy. He's got a job for the summer already, he tells me; got it through goin' to college, too, he says, though I tell him I guess he could get a job anyway."

"Laws me, Manny, here I run on about my boy, and come pretty near forgettin' what I'm here for! You look at that."

Chuckling, she held out the parcel to Manny. "Yes; it's for you. Says I, 'Here's Mr. and Mrs. Holt've been good to me and my boy I dunno how long, and I've never once done a thing for Manny. Gracious! It's about time I did.' So I done. Open it, now, do."

Obeying, Manny drew forth something soft, which as he held it up unrolled into a crimson necktie.

"Silk knit, Manny! Ain't that pretty fine?" Mrs. Wright exclaimed, beaming more than ever. "I found out how to do 'em in a paper I take in. It says all the girls are doin' 'em for the young men; and I says, 'I ain't a girl, but then Manny, he don't have to say who did it!' That crimson looks kind of bright to me; but it said they was doin' 'em in the college colors, and your ma told me yours was crimson. Now, don't you say one word. If you like it, that's all the thanks I want. I'm going in to see your ma now."

Manny Holt, left with the crimson tie, twisted it in his fingers. He had not been able to look this friendly old woman in the eyes. In her heart she had been thinking about him, and what had he been about to do? Let her only son ruin his whole college career! Lie in wait, in ambush, while this nineteen-year-old boy passed on to his own destruction!

Wrapping the tie again in its paper, he sought his rival.

He found Tom on his knees, cropping the weeds along the edge of his mother's walk.

"Hello, Tom Wright!" he called. Tom looked up. "Hello, Holl!" Manny flushed, embarrassed. It was not to be an easy task, but he plunged into it.

"I hear you've got a job for the summer."

Wright nodded and nicked off a weed with his sickle.

"Tom—don't you take it."

Wright stared at the older boy. "Why not?"

"You can't afford to, that's why."

"Why can't I?"

"Look here, Tom, I'm not much older than you, I admit, but I've been in college three years to your one, and I tell you that what you're going to do is a bad thing. Maybe it pays in money for a little while,

but it doesn't pay in any other way, and even in money you'll make more by sticking to your college. A fellow always gets caught; and even if he doesn't—honestly, old man, it isn't fair—either to your college or to mine."

"Would you mind telling me," Tom interrupted angrily, "what you're talking about?"

"I'm talking about your playing ball this summer at Arlington, Vermont, under the name of Jones," answered Manny bluntly.

Tom dropped the sickle and stood up. "Oh, are you? And maybe you wouldn't mind telling me how you know I'm going to play ball this summer at Arlington, Vermont, under the name of Jones?" he sneered.

Thereat Manny lost his temper. "There's no use taking that tone, Tom. Here's my information, if you insist on it."

He handed the letter over. Tom read it in silence, folded it and passed it back.

"Well?" said Manny.

"So that," Wright said slowly, "is what you fellows at Rockham think about me. I was glad enough we licked you last fall, but I'm ten times as glad now. There's probably more than one Wright in college who plays baseball, and if you and your friend hadn't been so eager to think I was a mucker you might have remembered it. I'm going to work next Monday as an assistant chemist in a paper mill in Osceola; and if you or any of your friends want to spy on me, you can find me right there till school opens!"

Manny gulped. It was true that he had for a moment questioned the accuracy of Gray's information.

"I—I'm sorry, Tom," he stammered. "I beg your pardon."

Without more words he turned away, confused, bitter, angry and ashamed; but he had not gone more than half a block when he heard swift footsteps behind him.

"I say—Holt!" Manny did not answer. "I say—Holt!" Tom Wright, very red in the face, had overtaken him. "I guess I was pretty mad just now."

"You had a right to be."

Tom nodded. "Not with you, though. You came over to warn me about that letter, didn't you? That was square—especially considering the way I up and went to Graydon. I was just a kid about that. I was a kid, too, at the game last fall. And I'll tell you something—I wouldn't tell anyone else. I did have a good offer to play summer ball, and I did think of taking it. I might have—if I hadn't got this paper-mill offer."

"I guess not," said Manny.

"I might have," repeated Wright. "Goodness knows, I needed the money. But I got to thinking what you'd think of it, somehow—I can't just explain it; I didn't care what you thought, but I wasn't going to let you or any Rockham man be any squarer than I was!" He stumbled and stopped. "I—I'm mighty sorry for what I said just now."

"That's all right," answered Manny.

There seemed no more to say, and an embarrassed silence fell. Then Manny had an inspiration. He pulled out the crimson tie.

"See what your mother just gave me."

Tom Wright's eyes twinkled. "Saw her making it," he said.

"Whew! Hot, isn't it?"

Manny laughed and seized his arm. "Come on it!" he cried.

"I'll bet the water's fine!"

United, the rivals strolled to the river.—Youth's Companion.

Both Horses Incapacitated.

An Englishman had a horse which had been matched against one of Pat Malone's horses. The horse broke its leg. The owner sought out Pat and telling him that his horse had fallen sick and might not be able to run, proposed to forfeit half the stakes and call the race off. Pat agreed with unexpected readiness, and the money was handed over. When this had been done the Englishman remarked: I got out of that business very well, for my horse broke his leg."

"I got out of it better," replied Pat, "for my horse is dead."—Detroit News.

The United States Marines.

In the city of Rennes, department Ille et Vilaine, France, a new city was built in the latter part of the month of July, 1918. The new town is walled. Parts, it is true, of this wall consist only of interlocked strands of barbed wire, but the inhabitants never try to escape over it, or visitors to climb in. Suspicious poilus with fixed bayonets are stationed about to interfere with any such movements.

Six thousand Prussian, Bavarian, and Saxon prisoners are the inhabitants. They were part of the number captured at Azy, Crezancy, Fossy, and Chateau Thierry when the German Friedensturm of July 15 broke down.

These Huns, in spite of the fact that they are a rather dejected lot, are the highest authorities obtainable on one certain matter. Ask any one of them at random who, in his opinion, is the best rifle shot in the world. He knows, and doubtless he will tell you.

A Prussian colonel will say gruffly, "Die Teufelhundel!" and turn away. A Bavarian private will shiver and say more respectfully, "Die Seesoldaten!" It is all the same. They mean the American Marines. There is no doubt in their minds. They do not stop to weigh the abilities of the Anzacs, whom also they respect. They do not decide between the Royal Grenadiers, the Prussian Guards, the Paris Regiment. Every one of them will credit the Marines.

Why? It is a story that begins back in the days of pioneer life in America. The Yankee of those times was a crack shot with the squirrel rifle. Because nearly every American could pepper a gray squirrel in a tree-top with a muzzleloader, the scanty armies of Washington had a chance with the disciplined soldiers of Britain.

All through the decades this tradition of excellent marksmanship has persisted. At Chateau Thierry the Marines, with modern equipment, accomplished a miracle that will be remembered as long as man writes and reads history. Armed only with rifle and bayonet, the Marines swept the left bank of the Marne clear of the invaders over a swath of two and one-half miles. Then they forced the pontoon bridges the Huns had thrown across the rain-swollen stream. They literally sliced their way to the north bank with bayonets through serried ranks of Germans.

Then came the miracle, the strangest battle that ever occurred between opposing forces of men. The Huns, feeling perfect confidence in the defense of "impregnable" Chateau Thierry, dispatched the infantry to Vaux, where another crossing had been made with greater success. The Marines were to be allowed to commit suicide by attacking Chateau Thierry if they dared.

It is dangerous to dare a Marine. The Germans know it now. They left behind in Chateau Thierry nearly one thousand machine guns. These commanded every street corner, every square. From every basement, every tower, every steeply poked muzzle of a water-cooled Mauser. In places where the buildings of the town themselves did not afford the finest opportunity for a withering fire from ambushade, "nests" of concrete had been built for the machine guns. The Boches themselves deemed it utterly impossible for any troops to enter the streets.

The Marines did it. Eight thousand reserves, sent up to bolster the outnumbered Prairie Divisions of the American Third Army Corps, crossed the enemy pontoons and threw themselves on their stomachs in the mud of the north bank of the Marne.

In order to understand the achievement it is necessary to look at Chateau Thierry. Americans who are acquainted with the city of Duluth, Minnesota, can understand the topography with ease. From the water front a steep hill slopes backward. The height of this is 600 feet, and its length one and one-quarter miles. Tier on tier, as in Duluth, the streets are placed one above the other. One man's second story is on the level with the basement windows of the house next above. Far above, the ancient Chateau Thierry, built by Charles Martel in the eighth century, guards the region.

The marines squirmed their way,

under the fire of the Mausers, up to the first street parallel to the Marne. As they went they fired steadily, picking off the gunners in the German emplacements. In the nests, the cellars, the steeples, and towers held by the enemy only a fraction of a gunner's head would show when firing. Often this was hundreds of yards distant. This was enough, however. The Marines picked off these tiny marks steadily and surely with rifle fire! When cover had been gained the rest was easy for them. They fought like Apaches, crawling from house to house. By means of decoy helmets, dummy figures, and the like, each machine gun was located in turn. When this happened the gunner would drop, the bullet from a Marine's rifle in his forehead.

Then would ensue a short, fierce rush and some quick work with the bayonet. Before one of the comrades of the dead gunner could take his place at the lanyard, the Marines would finish the whole crew and capture the gun.

In capturing Chateau Thierry, which was an accomplished feat in less than six hours after the first Marine crossed the pontoons, the Americans smashed the German Friedensturm. They made it possible for Marshal Foch to use the second line of reserves, which he had thrown back of the bending American infantry for a safeguard, in a big push between Vaux and Soissons. This push causing the entire rout of the German attack, has never been stopped. History will record the fact that the Great War ended at Chateau Thierry, when Americans, thought by the Kaiser to be the weakest of defensive links, proved themselves the finest soldiers in the world.

A little analysis of the achievement of the marines only enhances its marvels. From the bank of the Marne to the nearest machine gun emplacement was over 300 yards. A gunner's face at this distance is a microscopic target. It is approximately the size of the red and white flag used on a golf green to direct the player. Consider the chances the average marksman would have of hitting a golf flag at 300 yards! The answer simply is that the American Marines were not average marksmen. They had passed through a training with the rifle more exacting than ever was given to troops of any kind before. After the usual marksmanship practice similar to that given the men of all armies, the Marines spent three months learning to shoot accurately. At the conclusion of this course each man was required to prove what he could do.

If a man scored a total of 202 on the ranges he was considered to be a fair shot. He was graded "marksman." If he reached 238, he was given a badge as "sharpshooter." If he reached 252, he attained the highest honor namely, that of "expert rifleman."

On the final test day, each man was taken to the targets. He was given 10 shoots at each of 6 ranges, from 200 to 700 yards. His total of 60 shots, provided each made a bullseye, would count him a total of 300, as a bull scored 5 points. At 200 yards the bull was 12 inches in diameter. From this was graduated until at 700 yards, it was 36 inches in diameter. Up to the 500-yard range the men shot standing and sitting. At and above this range the prone position was used.

Why Americans can be claimed as the best shots in the world, and why the miracle of Chateau Thierry really happened, is shown by a roster of the Marines, who captured the town. Of the 8,000, only 90-odd were below the grade of marksman. Nearly 6,000 were marksmen. Twelve hundred were sharpshooters and the remainder expert rifle men! Out of these last, 18 were men who had shot year after year in the national rifle championship.—Eagle Magazine.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 940 W. Franklin Street.
Rev. J. A. Branklick, Assistant, 1002 W. Franklin Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 9:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

Deaf, Dumb and Blind Girl is Ambitious

Vera M. Gammon, deaf, dumb and blind pupil at the Faribault state school for the blind, who is known as a second Helen Keller, has written Ralph W. Wheelock, chairman of the state board of control, expressing her appreciation of educational advantages provided her by the state and asking to be permitted to take post-graduate industrial training.

The girl is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Gammon, 964 Reaney Street, St. Paul. Her letter follows:

"Dear Mr. Wheelock—I desire to write you about a matter on which I have set my heart. Knowing that you are very busy at all times, I shall endeavor to be brief.

"I have ambitions for the future, both in a literary and an industrial way, for which I believe I am in need of a little more education and training. My future depends on it.

"I desire to take advantage of the post-graduate course in industrial training accorded by law to graduates of schools. Some of our former graduates pursued such a course. If they, with the loss of one sense, needed it, I with my double handicap need a similar training far more.

"I wish at this opportunity to thank you for past favors, which I appreciate more than words can tell.

I do not know now I could have enjoyed the educational facilities that have been mine without your great kindness in granting them to me."

The neatly typewritten letter showed the remarkable progress the girl has made under a special teacher. She gave great promise on taking up the school work, and was furnished a private teacher from a \$1,000 a year fund provided for several years and which probably will be continued another year.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Hope of Immortality

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a tree once cut down; the new shoots are strong and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sod, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thought in prose and song. I have tried all. I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again in the morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, to open with the dawn."—Victor Hugo.

Deceptive Senses

All men are more or less fools of their own senses; or perhaps it would be truer to say that their different senses are fools of each other. A college professor lately devised a simple but novel experiment for testing this point.

He arranged a series of common articles of all sizes, and requested his class to put them in order of weight. The weight of all was really exactly the same, but only one student discovered this fact.

The majority placed a small leaden weight first, and a large wooden basin last. The ordinary mind, apparently, ranges the weight of objects in inverse proportion to the size. Only when the eyes are shut does a true appreciation become possible.

Just twenty-six letters and a few punctuation marks, and you have the English language.

NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1919.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us.
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Rev. Henry John Van Allen.

By the death of the Rev. Harry J. Van Allen the deaf in the dioceses of Albany, Central New York, and Western New York, have lost a most valuable friend and servant. As he became deaf when he was about ten years old, his education was begun in the public schools. After becoming deaf, he was placed in the Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf at Rome, N. Y. Upon graduating from that school, he entered Gallaudet College and in due time graduated with highest honors of his Class.

After his graduation he worked several years as a printer. While still supporting himself and family, chiefly by his work in printing offices, he accepted the position of laymissionary to the deaf in the diocese of Albany, and undertook the work of preparing for ordination to the ministry of the Episcopal Church. Of course much of his theological study had to be done by the light of lamps, burning often into late hours of night. These strenuous efforts gave evidence to the earnestness of his purpose. After about four years of study under these adverse circumstances, he passed examination entirely satisfactory to his examiners and his bishop, and was ordained deacon by the Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane, Bishop of Albany. About three years later, having completed the further necessary study, he was advanced to the priesthood by the same bishop. For some time he ministered to the deaf in Vermont as well as in the diocese of Albany. In 1900 he gave up the work in Vermont and took charge of similar work in Central New York.

About two years ago the diocese of Western New York was added to his field, so that his work extended over all the state north and west of Dutchess, Ulster, and Sullivan counties. Thus by his death many communities of the deaf are deprived of clerical ministrations—at least for a time. Doubtless, many of the deaf will greatly miss these ministrations.

Mr. Van Allen was a man of exceptional intellectual ability and sterling religious character, as was evidenced by the number of brother clergy and others who assembled at his funeral. He prosecuted the work of his ministry with the same energy and devotion he had displayed in the work of preparation. He was not physically robust, and it was not an easy thing to endure the travel and the exposure involved in keeping his many appointments. All honor to a good and faithful man, May his soul rest in peace.

The JOURNAL extends its profound sympathy to his bereaved family and the many deaf people who will so sadly miss him.

THE DENVER FRATS take the lead when it comes to artistic announce-

ments in the line of the "Art preservative." Its latest is a splendidly gotten-up menu of the second annual banquet, held at Hotel Albany, Denver, on April 5th.

The cover has a beautifully lithographed speckled trout on the first page, the Frat monogram embossed in blue and gold, and the menu proper and toasts on buff paper, the whole being tied in silk cord of three colors—red, white, and blue. Thanks to President Harris for sending us this handsome souvenir.

On account of the Easter Holidays, much correspondence is unavoidably omitted from this issue of the JOURNAL. Whatever of it that still contains news items unaffected by the delay, will be printed next week.

Maine.

Still on the map, though seldom heard from.

Through the efforts of the "Maine Mission of the Deaf," the following act was passed by the State legislature, which has but recently adjourned.

CHAPTER 22 OF THE LAWS OF MAINE.
An Act Relating to the Education of Deaf and Dumb Children.

"Every parent, guardian or other person, having control of any mentally normal child between six and eighteen years of age, too deaf or too dumb to be materially benefited by the methods of education in vogue in the public schools, unless it can be shown that the child is receiving regular instruction during the same period in studies usually taught in the public schools, shall be required to send such child or youth to the Maine School for the Deaf in the city of Portland, during the scholastic year of that school. Such child or youth shall attend such school, year after year, until discharged by the superintendent upon approval of the Board of Trustees of said school. (Approved March 8, 1919.)"

During the session of the Legislature A. L. Carlisle, President of the Maine Mission, Miss Taylor, Principal of the Maine school, H. E. Plummer, a member of the school Board and Miss Kimball, Sec'y of the Mission and a teacher at the school, journeyed to the State capital and appeared before the committee on education in behalf of the measure. The Mission has tried once or twice before to have the act passed, but until the present year has been unsuccessful. Miss Taylor and Mr. Plummer were of great assistance in aiding efforts to get the measure through.

Deaf Mutes Wed.

EASTON, MD., April 6.—Miss Ella Spence, of Easton, and Herman Thome, of Harlock, deaf-mutes, were married at the Aged Women's Home Saturday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Henry Davies, of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Mr. Brandick, a minister from Baltimore, was present and interpreted the ceremony.—Baltimore Sun, Apr. 7.

A Presentation

Prof. John P. Walker, superintendent at the New Jersey State School for the Deaf, was given a gold penknife here by pupils of the institution and a few friends. The gift was in connection with Professor Walker's seventy-second birthday anniversary, today.

There being no session of the school tomorrow, the presentation was made today. Inscribed on the handle of the knife was the wording: "To one whose heart is pure gold." Professor Walker has long been connected with the school and is beloved by the scores of pupils at the institution.—Trenton Times Apr. 1.

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, 3018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 9:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

The total amount loaned to the Allies up to the time the armistice was signed was \$7,529,476,000.

DETROIT.

New Items of interest of the deaf of Michigan may be addressed to Mr. R. V. Jones, 374½ Louise Avenue, H. 11 Pl., Detroit.

It is with regret that we announce the departure of our dear friends, Mrs. C. C. Colby and her daughter, Miss Violet Ruth Colby, on March 29th, for Jacksonville, Florida, where they have gone in search of better health. We will miss their smiling faces and dynamic energy in our social functions, and hope that Mother Nature will be kind to them and speed their return to us. They expect to be gone several weeks, and will, no doubt, bring back lots of enthusiasm with them when they return.

The Ladies' Guild held a meeting in the Parish House, of the St. John's Church, on Thursday, April 3d, and elected officers for the ensuing year, as follows:—President, Mrs. Rudolph Stark; Vice President, Mrs. Preston Perry; Secretary, Mrs. George May; Treasurer, Mrs. Harry Brown, elected for the third term. President of Holiday Fund, Mrs. R. V. Jones.

Mrs. Ball, retiring president of the Guild, was presented with a lovely bunch of cut flowers by the ladies present.

Detroit Division No. 2, N. F. S. D., gave a pedro party in the D. A. D. Hall, Saturday evening, April 12th, and there was a large attendance, in spite of the rainy weather. Charles E. Drake was chairman of the committee, and Messrs. Alfred Miller, R. Hubb, and E. A. Worsmith, were his assistants.

A good time was had by all present, refreshments being served at the close of the game.

Mr. Adolph Kresin and Mrs. Charles Brown were the winners of the first prize, and Miss Nova Tolle and Benj. J. Beaver won the booby prize.

Rev. B. R. Allabough held services in the Parish House of St. John's Church Sunday, April 13th, both in the afternoon and evening, as the Chapel of the church is undergoing repairs and alterations.

The afternoon was taken up with the service for the day, and in instructing the candidates for confirmation, and the annual business meeting of the Ephphatha Mission was also held, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. Meek; Vice-President, Walter Carl; Secretary, F. E. Ryan; Treasurer, James Henderson; Supt. of Bible Class, Robert Rollins.

Rev. Allabough preached a sermon on the parable of the ten talents in the evening, after which 13 candidates were confirmed by Bishop Williams, following thereafter 51 members partook of the Holy Communion.

A very jolly surprise party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reiner, on Friday afternoon, April 11th, in honor of Mrs. Robt. McLauchlan's birthday, which was to arrive on the morrow. Quite a few of her friends were present, and enjoyed themselves to the full, and Mrs. McLauchlan took home with her a number of handsome presents as a reminder of the occasion. May she have many more birthdays equally as pleasant.

Fred Allera, son of Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Allera, arrived home recently from the battlefields of Europe, and entertained a few of his friends, who went to welcome him home, with stories of his exploits, and the exciting and harrowing experiences of the fighting 32d Regiment to which he was attached. He was eight days without food, excepting what they could find in the woods. He was also disabled by shell shock.

Fred Ryan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Ryan, who was also a member of the fighting 32d, and who was wounded in the leg by shrapnel, has also returned home.

Both boys are now in perfect health, and strapping fellows, and both have secured employment at the Ford Motor Company's plant.

Mrs. Wilber Wells left for Aurora, Ill., to be at the bedside of her father, who is reported very low.

Our sympathy goes with her, and also our hopes for her father's recovery.

Mr. Ralph Hubb's brother, has come to the Convention City, and is now making his home with Ralph and his estimable wife.

Mr. Hubb was honorably discharged from the U. S. Navy, and has secured a position at the Ford Motor Company's plant.

Mr. Robert McLauchlan will spend a few days on business in Flint, during the shut-down of the Ford Tractor Plant.

Mr. and Mrs. George May's little baby is just recovering from a severe spell of teething troubles.

Frank Silvers, of St. Johns, is the latest volunteer to the ranks of the N. A. D. That's right, Frank, shake, you seem to know a good thing when you see it.

Miss Florence Miller received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Walton Mosby recently, stating that Mr. Mosby had purchased a shoe shop in Eldorado, Ill., and will not return to Detroit.

We will miss their cheerful faces,

but wish them abundant good luck in their new home.

Mr. John Hostinek has departed for a visit to his parents, somewhere in the state of Pennsylvania.

Mr. A. Sittenauer has left his position with the Fordson Tractor Company for the farm, but will return in the fall. We will miss him from the club rooms, but hope that Dame Nature will hand him back to us in good shape.

Mr. William Japes has presented the Detroit Association of the Deaf with a handsome enlargement of Theodore Roosevelt, taken from an original painting by Alexander L. Pach, of New York.

Mr. Leo Opitzki came up from Toledo, Saturday evening, April 12th, to settle his club dues, and attend the Pedro Party. He is employed in the Overland Motor Company shops there.

Mr. Adolph Kresin had collected \$36.85 toward the D. A. D. donation to the Flint boys' club, when at the last meeting of the D. A. D. it was raised to \$40.85, and forwarded to the Flint club, with the best wishes of the D. A. D.

Miss Anna Stadler has left her position at the Princess Mfg. Co., and taken one with Krollick & Co., at better wages. She had been with the Princess Company about a year and a half. We rejoice with her, at her good fortune.

The Fordson Tractor plant closed on April 11th, for inventory, and will not start up again till May 1st. This gives the larger number of Detroit deaf working there a short vacation, and they are making the most of it.

Mr. Frank Hardenburg, of Pontiac, was a visitor at the Club rooms, Saturday evening, April 12.

Jay C. Chapman returned from Flint, where he had been working for the past two weeks, and says he likes Detroit the best after all.

Mr. Rudolph Stark has sold his Maxwell car and bought a new Chevot car. He has moved to 309½ Junction Avenue, and has a nice place, where everything is cosy and home-like.

Mrs. Ivers Tenny has returned from St. Paul, Minn., where she spent three weeks at the bedside of her mother, who passed away on the 27th of March. She has our deepest sympathy in her bereavement.

Mr. Henry Frahm has been out of employment for the past three weeks, but is in hopes of finding something soon.

Walter Carl is the proud possessor of a new five-passenger Ford car, which he recently purchased. He says he gets much pleasure out of it, and expects to make a trip to New York this summer with a party of his friends.

Clarence Kubisch and Joseph Pastore have gone into partnership, in a cleaning and pressing establishment, at No. 6 Cottage Grove Avenue, Highland Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McTennan's little son, Norman, has just recovered from the measles, and is feeling happy once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Beaver's baby had a birthday recently, which tallied with that of its grandfather, and her Uncle Ben made her a present of \$10.00. She will be baptized on Easter Sunday, in the Lutheran Church for the Deaf.

Emanuel Jacobs says he will soon get an allowance for first papers on his patent for a new "Never-dull" razor honing machine, from the U. S. Government, and will try to get some company to manufacture it for him. He expects it to retail from one dollar to five dollars each on the market.

Mrs. Frank Friday, of Chicago, left that city for Lansing, Mich., on April 6th, on business, then went to Flint to see her son Roy, who is at the State School for the Deaf, and arrived in Detroit in time to attend the Confirmation service at St. John's Parish House. She will remain here for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hoffman, of Monroe, were in the city last week, visiting with Mrs. Hoffman's brother, Clifford Goupier.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Waters have moved to Royal Oak, a handsome suburb of the city, and are now closer to God and Nature, out in the pure country sunshine.

Mr. Thomas Kenney, the President of the D. A. D. and N. A. D., Vice-President N. F. S. D., and Chairman of the Local Committee, N. A. D., has just been loaded with another title—Deputy Organizer, N. F. S. D. Evidently, somebody is trying to emulate the story of the "Camel and the last Straw." But we predict that Tom can stand the strain, and still be good for one more.

Louis T. Williams has left for Cleveland, Ohio, where he will visit with his father until the Fordson Tractor Co. resumes operations.

William Gitchel's wife left for the country last Sunday, to bring back their baby, which has been staying with its grandparents. He now tips the scales at thirteen pounds and six ounces, and is one year old.

Mr. Emanuel Jacobs says he will try to get the Ford Weekly Co. to give a moving picture exhibition some time in May, for the benefit of the N. F. S. D. Date will be announced later.

Mr. Robert Rollins expects to make a trip to Pennsylvania some

time in the near future, to visit his old friends of boyhood days.

Roderick McKenzie arrived from Erie, Pa., last week, where he has been working for the past three and a half months, on 250 dwelling houses. He says he expects to remain in the city indefinitely now.

Some forty people gathered at the pleasant home of Frank Friday, Jr., in Royal Oak, one day last week, and gave a double wedding reception to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Friday, and Mr. and Mrs. John Kader. The afternoon was passed in various games and motor riding, and dancing and refreshments were the order of the evening programs. A fine time was had by all present, and the two couples in whose honor the party was held each received a handsome electric table-lamp.

Don't forget the social, given by the N. A. D. on Saturday evening, April 26th, at the D. A. D. hall. A good time is promised to all who attend.

ROBERT V. JONES.

History of Money.

To anyone who has dived even a little bit into the subject of "money," the fascination numismatics holds for coin collectors is readily understandable. One of the first things man invented, money, has had a long and interesting history.

Coins as we see them today, are the results of a development more or less haphazard. An example of this is found in the mark resembling a new moon which almost every Chinese coin bears. This originated in an accident during the time of Emperor Wenck in 620 A. D. The wax model of the proposed coin was presented to her majesty for her approval. It was even copied in Japan and Korea.

How many people know the reason for the milled edges on coins? This was introduced through the necessity of preventing "clipping" and "sweating." That gentle art consisted of shaving the edges of coins to obtain the gold or silver and then passing them off for their full face value. Strong laws against this practice were enacted from time to time. It was even treated in some countries as treason and made subject to severe punishment, but notwithstanding this curb, persons of good position and sometimes high ecclesiastics, were found guilty. Clipping was at last stopped by the introduction in 1662 of milling the edges of coins. Only those of higher denominations were thus treated, and pennies and nickels to this day have smooth edges.

The origin of money terms are interesting. In 270 B. C., the Romans who had been saved from defeat in battle by a warning that the goddess Juno was supposed to have given, surnamed her "moneta," from "monere" (to warn), and erected a temple that they called by this name.

Shortly thereafter some spoils of war were carried to Rome and stored in this temple. Later the building was used as a mint. It was only natural that its production came to take the name of "moneta." Hence the word "money."

The word "dollar" is derived from the German "thal," meaning vale or valley.

In 1484 the Austrian government coined a certain piece of silver called "crown."

This was the first coin, as far as we know, to be of the size and weight of the coins which were later known as pieces-of-eight, piastres, dollars, etc. In 1516 a Bohemian feudal lord named Count Schlick coined some pieces of silver of this size at a mint in Joachim's Thal, or Joachim's Vale, in Bohemia. They were first known as Schlickenthalers and Joachimthalers—afterward abbreviated to "thalers."

These coins were circulated in Bohemia and the low countries, where they were variously called "thalers," "dallars," "dalars," etc. They even reached Constantinople, and were named "aslani." When Charles V. King of Spain heard of Schlickenthalers he decided to adopt the size as standard. So he coined eight Spanish reals of silver, which amounted to about the size of a thaler, and called them "pieces-of-eight" and "dollars."

This coin, in July, 1796, was adopted in America by the Continental Congress. The sign of a dollar (\$) came about in this way: When Charles V. designed pieces-of-eight the two pillars of Hercules were placed on one side with a scroll forming an "S" and the words "Plus ultra." This made a crude "\$." It came to be a sign for pieces-of-eight, afterward dollar.

The word "carri" originated in the east, and signified beans of a locust tree. These beans were used from time immemorial among eastern nations as a weight, just as barley and wheat have been with us.

Money was called "cash" by the ancient Hindus (from "karshana," a coin). "Coin" comes from the Latin word "census," a die or stamp. The guinea was named from the country in which the gold was obtained. "Franc" is the abbreviation of the inscription Francorum Rex. "Stilling" comes from a root signifying to divide. It is an interesting fact that man's

new ideas in banking originated through the financial difficulties of monarchs. Once, in 119 B. C., Emperor Outi of China discovered that his finances were in bad shape. So straitened was the treasury and so gloomy the outlook, that the Emperor summoned his prime minister. This dignitary was made to understand that the condition must be remedied forthwith or dire consequences to himself would result.

As the prime minister bowed his way out of the royal presence he conceived a great idea. It was the curious custom in this court, when prince or courtier had audience with the Emperor to cover their faces with a piece of fur. So the hard-pressed prime minister conceived the plan of having a decree issued providing that for this purpose only the fur of a certain white sheep kept in one of the royal parks should be permitted. He put the plan into execution, and the fur was sold for high prices, thereby solving the financial problem.

The temptation to create money by the issuing of notes in excessive quantities has long been a characteristic of potentates. In many countries it was necessary to deprive the ruler of his power to issue money, and the right was bestowed on private institutions. In 1332 A. D. the Emperor of Tartary made money and leather to such an extent that gold and silver fell into disuse. At one time it took 1000 min., or 15,000, in paper money, to buy a cake of rice. The reckless issuing of notes eventually placed the money in such disrepute that in 1686 there was no trace of it left.

China was no doubt the first country to use coins. It had a system of its own as far back as 250 B. C. Its "pu" money is interesting. These coins were apparently made before the Chinese began to write, or before it occurred to them to place on coins their denominations. At any rate, they adopted the rather laborious plan of indicating value by making the coin in the shape of the article it could purchase. Thus they had a knife coin, consisting of a regular blade and a round handle, with a hole in the latter for convenience in stringing the coins. Later the blade part was left off and only the circular handle remained (making its present shape). Coins were also issued in the shape of shirts, shoes, cycles, spades, etc.

What was often an acute problem in the east is shown by the act of the Empress of Japan near the end of the sixth century. She ordered a bronze statue of Siaka to be cast into coins and a plaster one erected in its place.

In Egypt and Babylon, copper was used in bricks, but generally in rings. It was employed in this manner in Ireland down to the 12th century and is still in use in the interior of Africa. The earliest western coinage was either that of Lydia or Phœdon. The Greeks and Romans employed coins.

The Carthaginians seemed to possess a form of currency similar to banknotes. These notes consisted of small pieces of leather in which a substance known only to the maker was wrapped. It was then sealed and issued for circulation. These issues were made only under the authority of the state.

It is significant of the extent to which money and banking is allied with progress that in the dark ages money became practically unknown.—New York Globe.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf.

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.

The deaf cordially invited.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Priest-in-Charge.

Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay Readers.

Boston—St. Andrew's Silent Mission, Trinity Parish House, Copley Square.

Every Sunday of the month, at 11:00 A.M.

Haverhill—Trinity Church, First Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Salem—Federal Street Church, Second Sunday, at 2:15 P.M.

Lynn—St. Stephen's, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Everett—N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Worcester—All Saints', Fourth Sunday, at 8 P.M.

Providence, R. I.—Grace Church, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Edwin W. FRISBEE, Lay-Missionary, 90 Playstead Road, West Weymouth, Mass.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House, 528 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence H. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.

Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.

Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P.M.

Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.

ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

Rev. B. R. Allabough's Appointments.

APRIL.

25—Marion, 7:30 P.M.

26—Indianapolis, 10:45 A.M. (Holy Com.)

and 8:00 P.M. Richmond, 7:45 P.M.

The Value of Discipline.

A lesson from the trenches has just blown across our way. It may be deduced from the experience of an English officer who learned from actual warfare the soldier's need of the strictest discipline at all times—even in the trenches. According to the officer's story, when the English army first went into the trenches the rigid discipline under which it had been trained was in part cast aside as being out of place under new conditions. The trenches were so dirty and unlike the habitation of civilized beings that allowances were made for personal appearances—the soldiers that occupied them were not expected to look as smart as when on parade. To keep their buttons polished or to keep shaved under such conditions seemed out of the question; hence the men who had to endure the hardships of the front line were let off from these disagreeable tasks.

But the intended kindness to the men proved to have the opposite effect from what was expected. The soldiers who were not required to keep neat as to personal appearance became careless in more important matters also, such as keeping their weapons in good condition. Moreover the laxity of discipline had such a depressing effect on them that they suffered from an epidemic of the blues. "Consequently," reports the officer who went through it all, "the old habits which had made the English soldier famous for his smartness were re-established."

Much the same observation was made by Kipling in his references to the British army in India. As noted by the great interpreter of Tommy Atkins, it was the soldier who was just as careful about his personal appearance in the jungle as when he was on parade, who was most likely to be cited for bravery and carry off a medal.

The truth that discipline has a salutary effect on the spirit that nothing else can take the place of, is one that applies to schools as well as to armies. The most enthusiastic pupils, are those who are required to do things just so. They may do some complaining in getting broken in, but after they learn the value of being obliged to take pains with even the seemingly insignificant details of their work, they are far more cheerful and contented than those who are allowed to work as they please.—Alabama Messenger.

Happy Childhood.

A small boy seated on the curb by a telephone pole, with a tin can by his side, attracted the attention of an old gentleman who happened to be passing.

"Going fishing?" he inquired, good naturedly.

"Nope," the youngster replied.

"Take a peek in there."

An investigation showed the can to be partly filled with caterpillars of the tussock moth.

"What in the world are you doing with them?"

"They crawl up trees and eat off the leaves."

"So I understand."

"Well, I'm fooling a few of them."

"How?"

"Sending 'em up this telephone pole."

THE FABLED PHOENIX.

The ancient tradition concerning the phoenix has introduced into nearly every language the habit of applying that name to whatever is

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

S. W. J. D.

Last Tuesday and Wednesday the Center was closed, because of the Holiday of Passover.

Last Friday evening Rabbi Joshua Hochstein gave a sermon in the S. W. J. D. Temple. The subject of the address was "The Jews in Spain."

As usual, Rabbi Amateau conducted the Divine Services, at the end of which he made several important announcements. The Congregation greeted with pleasure the names of prominent lecturers who will speak at the Temple during the month of May. Among them are the Rev. Dr. A. G. Robison, Executive Director of the Y. M. H. A., Mr. Hyman J. Reit, a well-known attorney, and Prof. William G. Jones, who will speak on the "Lesson of the Day," at the Decoration Day Service. On the 18th of May a Strawberry Festival will be held, and arrangements are now being made for an outing to Van Cortlandt Park in the early part of June.

Sunday afternoon a fair audience greeted Dr. Thomas Francis Fox, who lectured in the S. W. J. D. His subject was "What's the use?" As always, Dr. Fox's lecture was interesting and instructive.

H. C. D. NOTES

Friday evening, April 18th, found a big audience at Temple Israel of Harlem.

This day being "Passover," one of our active members gave us a talk about that Holiday. He told us that no matter how much suffering a Jew went through, he has always hope for the morrow.

He told us of the days during the reign of Pharaoh, when Jews were slaves, and how they were freed by the hand of God through our prophet Moses.

That is the reason the Jews celebrate "Passover."

This coming Friday evening, April 25th, Dr. Nies will give us a sermon.

The following Sunday evening at 8:30 P.M., Mr. Albert Ballin will give us a lecture. His subject will be "Russia."

Charles H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., arrived in New York last week for a stay of a couple of weeks. He made the trip in his big touring car and since his arrival has been taking his deaf friends on sightseeing trips in and around New York. Last week he had with him Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann, Mrs. Buhle, Mrs. Haight, and Edwin A. Hodgson and his grandson, Edwin Hodgson Tucker.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy G. Sherman, the oldest sister of the Misses Margaret and Eleanor Sherman, to Lieutenant Ernest B. Benfite of the A. E. F., is announced. He is engaged in war work for the government in France, while Miss Sherman is working under the Red Cross and part of her work is the bringing of refugee children to Belgium.

This is an additional list of betrothals on the page of the April Bulletin just sent out by Cupid, and then the licenses by our officials at the Municipal Building some day or later. The bulletin is a call to friends to compliment and congratulate Misses Bertha Hatt, Sadie Horowitz and Anna Klein, and Messrs David King, Henry Schultz, and Ludwig Fischer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bettels wish to announce that their son, Edward T., of Co. C., 101st Field Signal Battalion, arrived at Boston, Mass., last Thursday, April 17th, after spending seventeen months in France. He came home to New Rochelle, N. Y., last Saturday and went back to Boston the following day, for the parade on Friday. He is now in Camp Devens, Mass.

Virgil Spain, a colored deaf-mute, who has been shining shoes in this city for the past three months, has gone to Cleveland. He had both legs cut off below the knee when a boy, but gets around with specially constructed shoes that are fitted to the stumps. He claims to have been a pupil at the Jackson, Miss., Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Calkin (nee Miss Mildred Henemer) of Jersey City, N. J., are the proud parents of a fine baby girl, born on 4th of this month. Her name is Grace Hannab. Mother and baby are doing splendidly.

Cadwallader Washburn the celebrated deaf-mute artist, was in New York last week, after several months on the Pacific Coast. He has gone to Lakewood, N. J., for a short stay, after which he contemplates spending some time in Maine.

Mrs. William Hutton left New York for her home in California on

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The performance of the Blind Girls' Glee Club from the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Overbrook gave unusual interest to the regular monthly meeting of the Council of Jewish Women in the auditorium of the Mercantile Club yesterday afternoon. The club, numbering about twenty, showed there is individual interest in the work and close co-operation between pupil and student.

The keynote of the meeting, which was in charge of the committees on the deaf and blind of the council, was that those who are handicapped need most is not sympathy or pity, but a chance. The work of these two committees in teaching the deaf and blind helpful occupations, securing them positions and looking after them, was brought to the attention of the council.

A pantomime play produced by deaf girls, all of whom had secured positions, and were made capable of holding them through the efforts of the council, showed practical results accomplished.

Captain A. Clarence Manning, of the educational service of the army, spoke of the work done at Cape May and at General Hospital No. 3 at Rahway, in the physical reconstruction and technical education of disabled soldiers.

"What we need most," he said, "is not reconstruction of the disabled but reconstruction of public opinion. The public must learn to know that a man who is disabled is not necessarily a public charge, neither is he necessarily an inefficient. The public must learn that what these men need is a chance—give them a job; do not pity them." —Phila Ledger, April 9.

Saturday evening, April 12th, Mr. R. Middleton Ziegler gave a dramatic reading of "Hamlet," under the auspices of the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., at All Souls' Parish House. The reading was presented in four acts condensed, but in a very clear, clear way, and Mr. Ziegler deserves to be complimented for the task he performed. Among the audience, which was of a good size, were Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Wall and some relatives, who came a long distance in Mr. Wall's automobile to see the Church and encourage Mr. Ziegler by their presence. It was probably Mrs. Wall's first visit to the new church, and the old people who knew her were pleased to see her again, after not having seen her for a number of years. We may remark that, during the days when Mrs. Wall was Miss Boyer, teaching at the old Broad and Pine Streets School, and All Souls' Church just then beginning a new life at Franklin and Green Streets, she encouraged the deaf greatly by mingling in their affairs and giving her services freely.

As almost anyone knows by this time, the average drugstore man is not particularly anxious to sell postage stamps. But few, perhaps, know almost every drugstore in Philadelphia makes his own soda mint tablets behind that partition which screens off the prescription department. One day last week a Haverford Avenue drugstore was thus busily engaged concocting soda mint when a deaf and dumb woman entered the store. The druggist put on his best "happy-to-greet-you" smile and asked the customer what she would have. The unfortunate woman could speak a little in that inarticulate, unmeaning way peculiar to the totally deaf. She tried to say: "Mint, mint!" The druggist took down several jars of mint candy, one after the other. But each time the woman shook her head and began pounding her nose with the palm of her hand. "Oh, I know what you want!" said the drug store man triumphantly, and he brought forth a menthol inhaler. Hereupon the deaf and dumb customer borrowed a lead-pencil and scribbled this on the blank side of one of the druggist's circulars: "All I want is five two-cent stamps. What I tried to say was: I smell mint." —Phila. Record.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Clayton are being congratulated on the birth of their second child, also a girl, which occurred in Reading, Pa., on Saturday, April 12th. Mr. Clayton is the Treasurer of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. A. D.

Mr. Orvis D. Dantzer is the first son of deaf-mute parents here to receive his discharge from the army and return home, arriving on Tuesday, April 8th, and, in consequence, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer are more than happy. We can not give details about the young man's experiences now, but later he may relate them himself on the platform.

After the Lenten service on Thursday evening, April 10th, Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., gave an interesting talk before the Clerical Literary Association on current events. One of his subjects was how to beat the present high cost of living, which could be done best by

a continued practice of economy in various ways.

Mr. John F. Donnelly, of New York City, was in Philadelphia on Sunday, April 13th, to lecture to the Catholic deaf people at St. Joseph's College. We understand that he gave his views on "The League of Nations" and other matters.

On Sunday, 13th, Rabbi A. J. Amateau, of New York City, appeared before Beth Israel Association for the Deaf to give them a talk. He talked on several matters of interest to the people of his Faith.

The Council of Jewish Women, which has long been showing a most kindly interest in the welfare of the Jewish deaf people of this city, is now preparing to publish a prayer-book for the special use of the deaf to use at services. The book will be sold at thirty-five cents the copy, and we should think that it ought to be appreciated by the deaf of that Faith.

NEBRASKA.

The Mid-West Chapter, G. C. A. A. held its regular meeting at the Sowell residence Saturday night, March 29th, with Ora Blanchard as host. Mr. Blanchard planned a big time and good eats for all who came. It was noised abroad that he had something unusual for the evening, consequently every one of the members was on hand. But, alas! the plans of mice and men—you know the rest. The surprise was a proposed lecture by a soldier who had been overseas; he failed to show up; secondly, the ice cream was hooked. It was a warm evening; the ice cream would have been particularly nice; but was Ora downhearted? Nixy. An impromptu program was gotten up. Mrs. Rothert rendered "In Flanders Fields." Mrs. Blankenship followed with Mr. Sowell's Answer to the above poem.

Then the members fell to discussing Bolshevism. It looked pretty bad that evening. However, optimism returned after refreshments, consisting of coffee and delicious cakes for which Mrs. Sowell is famous. The scene shifts: enter a tall, handsome policeman, who comes in an answer to a call in regard to the ice cream. For a while attention was centered on him. He thought the meeting was a wedding party, and inquired as to who the bride and groom might be. Suiting action to word, a young couple stood up together in the kitchen with Mrs. Sowell stringing in this wise: "Doth take this man for thy onliest one for better or for worse? (aside, I tell you it is worse you'll be getting)," and the girl backed out. Yes, this meeting was different from any previous one, but by no means less enjoyable.

The local of N. F. S. D. had its annual banquet on Saturday evening, April 5th. The men were the cooks. The women folks had to admit they could do it as well as they themselves could. After the repast came the flow of reason, with Harold Lee as toastmaster. He explained that the banquet was in honor of the seven ladies, Mesdames Rothert, Blankenship, Seely, Barrett, Long, O'Brien and Harry Long, who had rendered valuable services to the Frats the last few years, in the securing funds. Mr. Lee hit the nail on the head, when he called them auto-Frats. Sure, they auto-b-Frats. In responding to a toast, Mrs. Rothert thanked the Frats on behalf of herself and the other ladies for the honor tendered them. It will be remembered that it was Mrs. Rothert who managed the picnic lunch which the furnished delegates and visitors enjoyed at Elmwood Park, upon their arrival in Omaha in 1915. Dr. Long, Messrs Barrett, Axling, O'Brien, Cusaden and Seely, were the other speakers. A poem of a fraternal friend was rendered by Harry Long, in his usual graceful manner.

The Kappa Gamma boys took their wives and best girls to King Joy's, a fashionable and popular chop suey parlor, on Friday evening, the eleventh, and enjoyed chowmen and other good things that go with it. Simon Himmelschein, of Los Angeles, while on his way to Chicago, stopped over in Omaha to see how the Frats do things behind locked doors. The local Division has a reputation for doing things. Mr. Himmelschein will go to Akron for six months, and before the wintry weather sets in, he will be speeding back to Los Angeles. When asked if he would remain in the East indefinitely, he shook his head and hands (palms outward moving vigorously in opposite directions). He says Los Angeles is a paradise. He has a remarkable memory. He brought the love and good wishes of people back home to their friends here. He arrived in one of the fiercest downpours and he was minus an umbrella. The tornado came almost the same time he did.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS, Fort Smith, Ark.

COLORADO.

A surprise birthday party was the feature at the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harvat, on March 8th, when the liege lord reached another milestone of his life. His charming wife had on hand a congenial company of friends, backed up by delicious refreshments, and a pleasant evening was passed by all present.

A most enjoyable St. Patrick basket party was given on the evening of March 15th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lessley. The mere men present were asked to vote on the most appropriately prepared basket, and the prize was awarded Miss Pearl Bean. S. W. Harris drew the lucky number for the prize basket, and the fact that he did not get up for his Sunday breakfast bespeaks hunger satisfied.

T. Y. Northern took a "French leave" of his Denver friends, but when silent slueths went on his trial, news came back to the effect that he is both studying and tinkering with the wonderful linotype at the Mergenthaler Linotype School in Chicago. Good luck, "T. Y."

F. B. Pleasant is another Denverite to grab a piece of pasteboard and make a bee-line for the Chicago Linotype School above. Here's hoping that our Frank may come back smiling pleasantly.

The Denver Frats held an initiation and smoker on the evening of March 22d. The following novices exhibited their goatmanship on the patriarchal-bearded goat imported from the Denver stock-yards: Bros. F. L. Reid, John Wharton, Glenn Uric, Wm. Thielke, Ralph Connell, Wm. Teter, Joseph Wilkins, James Tusney and Lloyd Brooks. The first three named brothers are social members. Bro. Stephen Janovick was also admitted as social member at the April meeting of the Denver Division, No. 64.

On March 15th, Lloyd Brooks and Mrs. Elizabeth E. Yost disappeared from Denver and entered the sea of matrimony at Boulder, much to the surprise of their friends. The happy couple are now domiciled at 3546 Madison Street, Denver, Col.

Saturday evening, April 5th, was a red-letter day for the Colorado Frats and their lady partners, at the second annual banquet of the Denver Division, No. 64, in the Magnolia Room of Hotel Albany, Denver, Col. Covers were laid for fifty-four, and to start the ball of pleasure and mirth rolling, the fortunate persons present were asked by the Banquet Committee to repair to the Italian Garden of the palatial hotel. There each lady and frat tried her or his luck at fishing real mountain trout out of the garden fountain with a net, and having the catch cooked by the skillful hotel chef for the banquet. Bro. S. W. Harris, the Denver Division president, acted as toastmaster, and every speaker handled his subject admirably. Bro. F. A. Lessley, Chairman, Bros. S. W. Harris, L. A. Kent, C. P. Jones and Thomas Collins, comprised the Banquet Committee. The menu and toasts were as follows:

MENU.

Grapefruit Cocktail
Chicken Bouillon
Assorted Relishes
Alive Mountain Trout Saute Meuniere
Julienne Potatoes Peas
Albany Fruit Salad
Lemon Meringue Pie
Coffee
Nectar de N. F. S. D.

Cigars Cigarettes
"Snatch gaily the joys which the moment shall bring
And away every care and perplexity fling."
—Horace.

TOASTS.

[Bro. S. W. Harris, Toastmaster]
"Yesterday this day's madness did prepare;
Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came or why:
Drink! for you know not why you go nor where."
—Omar Khayyam.

Invocation Bro. F. L. Reid
The N. F. S. D. Bro. F. A. Lessley
"Join we together for the public good in what we can."
—Shakespeare.

No. 64 Bro. C. P. Jones
"Congenial society is a delight."
—Massini.

Our Auxiliaries Bro. F. B. Pleasant
"The ladies! Our arms their defense,
Their arms our recompense!"
—Scott.

"Goats" Bro. J. H. Wilkins
"The man of wisdom is the man of years."
—Young.

Visions Bro. A. L. Kent
"For the future is of more consequence than the past."
—Doane.

Absent Brothers Bro. J. L. Harvat
"Should aid acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?"
—Burns.

Helen Keller

A troubled life with little sunshine in it;
A life that, like the rosebud, knows no thorn;
A life with cares and doubts and fears eternal;
A life with every bitter sorrow torn:
A life set down to bloom in desert places,
Where hope lies dead and heartbeats totter slow;
A life with great defeats and tiny blessings,
When faith itself is pale as drifted snow.

And yet a life met bravely, sweetly, wisely,
A life supreme with faith when all is night,
Will make the heavens ring with silent music,
And turn the very darkness into light!

SAN FRANCISCO

In San Mateo, there lives a deaf man, Mr. Hutton by name, who, we believe, has worked at one trade steadily for a longer time than any other deaf-mute in the country. He is a marble cutter, and on August 1st, 1919, he will have followed that calling for sixty years.

We are sorry to report the death of the mother of Miss Dees, of Burlingame. Our informant could give no details.

There is no cold cream that will keep away wrinkles so successfully as the milk of human kindness.

Mr. Weffing is the latest to get work with the Ford Motor Company. There are nearly twenty-five deaf-mutes there now.

Paul Denton, a graduate of the Berkeley School, is now in New York. He is taking a course at the Mergenthaler Linotype School.

Mr. Aldersley has suffered a wrenched back and a broken collarbone through a fall. Mr. Aldersley is a resident of Oakland, but not seen much in company with the deaf.

A cream-tinted envelope was delivered at my house on Saturday, the 29th of March. Yes, you have guessed it! It contained an invitation. An invitation that I would have been glad to accept, were it not for the postscript: "Please enclose two dollars in your reply!" Is that a party? If you pay to go, will you have as nice a time as you would if you had been asked to bring only yourself? I know a man who had to give up smoking. He explained that tobacco cost too much for him, and if he borrowed any, he always filled his pipe so full that it wouldn't draw. That is the way I'd feel at a "pay-as-you-enter" party. I'd be so busy getting my money's worth of eats that I wouldn't have time to enjoy myself!! Better luck next time, I. N. C.!

Men are misters to women, and women are misters to men! The Board of Directors of the California Association of the Deaf will meet at the Frat Hall, Saturday evening, April 12th. Neptune Beach, Alameda, has proved to be a most pleasant place for the deaf to spend a Sunday. Many have taken advantage of these warm spring days, to go in swimming or to take in the side shows, merry-go-round, safety racer, etc.

L. Maldonado has purchased a new home in Rock Ridge Park. It will be ready for occupancy by May first.

H. O. SCHWARZLOSE.

Age of the Mammoth Cave

According to geologists it took Green River nearly 1,000,000 years to cut away its present bed, so the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is estimated to be as old. In 1812, when the United States Government needed nitrate to make powder, some of the large entrance chambers of the cave had formed the winter habitation for myriads of bats for many ages, and as a consequence the soil had become converted into guano beds with a large nitrate content. As a result the cave became a nitrate mine, whence much of the powder supply for the young nation was obtained.

A tradition tells that much of that powder was stored in the arsenal where the Wanmaker Store now stands in Philadelphia.

TRY IT AND SEE

According to an eminent French scientist, flies show a marked aversion to things that are blue. This fact was first discovered by a French farmer, who kept a number of cows distributed in several sheds. The interior of one of these sheds had, purely by accident, been colored blue. The other stables had white interiors. The farmer soon noticed that, while the cows in the sheds with white walls were driven to the point of frenzy by flies, the cattle housed in the shed with the blue interior were not bothered. The little pests hovered outside this shed; only a stray one, whose sense of color was perhaps not strongly developed, every now and again would be tempted to enter.

The farmer told of his observation, and soon other farmers took to painting their sheds blue, with gratifying results. Now it is a general custom among the cattle-owners in France to tint the interiors of their sheds with a solution made by mixing ten pounds of slacked lime with twenty gallons of water, and then adding one pound of ultramarine. The sheds are tinted with this solution twice during the summer months, with the result that the cattle are pretty generally free from annoyance. It might be a good plan for owners of horses and cattle in this country to experiment with the use of blue about their stables and out-buildings. Nothing should be neglected which might add to the comfort of dumb beasts during the hot summer months.

Sometimes two slang expressions may sound much alike, yet have very different meanings. For example, when a man tumbles to a thing he does not fall for it.

A PRINTER AND HIS ERRORS

Have you noticed how the printing trade differs from other trades and professions when it comes to the matter of mistakes?

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it. When a lawyer makes a mistake it's just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it's just what he expected, because the chances are ten to one he never learned his business.

When an electrician makes a mistake he blames it on "induction," because nobody knows what that is.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But with a printer it's different. He has to be careful. He cannot turn his mistakes into profits as others do. He has to reprint the job sometimes when it even is not his fault that the error crept in.—Exchange.

May "Starve" Big Mine Fire.

In Pennsylvania there is a fire that has been burning continuously for sixty years. It started in a coal mine and spread to surrounding deposits. How much fuel it has wastefully consumed cannot be even approximately estimated.

The story has been handed down that the fire was started when the lamp in the miner's cap came in contact with an oil-soaked timber as he was leaving the mine at the end of a day's work, and that the next morning the tunnel entrance was a roaring furnace.

It is said that more than one million dollars has been expended in efforts to extinguish the fire, all in vain. Now another attempt is to be made. The plan is to strip the top of the mountain which overlies the burning section, remove veins of coal that lie in the path of the fire, and thus "starve" it. The area to be stripped is about a mile long and four hundred yards wide. The stripping will have to be to an average depth of forty feet.—Detroit News.

Carried Through.

In a rural school of Maryland a teacher was endeavoring one day to make clear to her class the degrees of comparison of adjectives. To make sure she was understood, the teacher called on each pupil in turn to give comparatives and superlatives of adjectives which she named. One little chap was asked to name the comparative degree of "sick."

"Worse," said he.

The teacher decided that she could best show him his error by letting him go on, and asked sweetly, "Well, if 'worse' is the comparative of 'sick,' what would you give as the superlative?"

"Dead," was the instant answer. —Sel.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday, 3 P.M.

SOCIETY FOR THE WELFARE OF THE JEWISH DEAF

Office and Communal Center
40-42-44 West 115th Street

Albert J. Amateau, Rabbi and Executive Director.

PHILANTHROPIC, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES FOR THE WELFARE OF THE DEAF IN ALL ITS PHASES.

Divine Service Every Friday Night. 9 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

Friday, April 25th, 1919, at 9 P.M.

Divine Service. Rabbi Amateau will speak on: "Privileges and Duties of Citizenship."

Sunday Afternoon, April 27th, Social, Dancing. All welcome.

Evening classes in English (Advanced and Elementary) Sewing Circle. Expert Dress making Teacher in charge. Gymnasium under direction of Prof. William J. Roth.

These activities are for you. Join now the one you need.

WANTED—Man to do plate printing. Either experienced or inexperienced. Paid while learning.

THE HIMROD ENGRAVING CO. (Mrs. W. Dewitt Himrod) Erie, Pa.

The Farmer in the Bible Story.
The farmer smiled to see his bursting
barns.
His field yet ripening in the summer sun,
And said, with pride upswelling from his
heart,
"See what the toil of my two hands has
done."
A small voice whispered from the rustling
wheat:
"To God Who giveth increase praise is
meet."
"There is not room within these little
sheds,
To store from loss and theft my golden
grain,
So I will build me greater, that I may
Rejoice and fill my soul with this my
gain."
Still pleads that angel whisper low and
sweet:
"Give to the poor who have no bread to
eat."
"Cease troubling me, why should I not be
glad,
For hard has been the toil and long the
strife;
Now will I take my ease, high wassail hold,
And live right merrily the rest of life."
"Thou fool," the angel whispered with a
sigh,
"Repent, for thou this very night shalt
die."

Little Stories "Over There."
A Gallant British officer, granted
leave, went to London to get mar-
ried, and upon his arrival was very
much astonished to receive a sum-
mons from the King to an "audi-
ence" at five o'clock in the afternoon.
He was married at four o'clock, and
so, after the ceremony, he drove to
Buckingham Palace, and said to
his bride: "Now, if you will wait
in the carriage I won't be more
than half an hour. These audi-
ences are always very perfunctory
and brief."

When he was received by the
King he found, however, that he was
quite alone, was received most in-
formally, and that His Majesty was
very keen to know of the officer's
exploits and movements at the front.
Then, before the officer was aware
how time had flown, His Majesty
said: "We have dinner in half an
hour and of course you will stay.
The ladies will want to hear your
story."
The officer had not the courage to
tell the King that his bride of an
hour had already been waiting in
the carriage for three hours, and so,
finding no chance to send word out
to her, he remained for dinner.
The dinner was very leisurely serv-
ed, there was much talk about the
front, and it was after ten o'clock
when the party broke up. The
officer was on edge to leave, when
the King said: "You will be shown
to your room, and to morrow morn-
ing I shall have something to give
to you."

The officer thanked him, and as
he was going to his room, he called
one of the equerries of the house-
hold to him and confided to him
his dilemma. Within five minutes
there was a knock at the officer's
door, and when he opened it the
King stood there fairly convulsed
with laughter. "My dear chap,"
said the King, "why didn't you tell
me? Of course it was hard on you
and your lady, but really this is
the best joke I've heard for a long
time."

The bride was found, brought
in, and under the King's and
Queen's graciousness any feelings
toward her new husband and his
hosts which she may have had in
her carriage wait of six hours melt-
ed away; and the happy bridal
couple spent their marriage night at
Buckingham Palace!

Ice cream may be served for des-
sert in France, if it contains no
sugar, milk, eggs or flour.

Ground heather is being used as
a fodder substitute for cattle in
Denmark.

Grapes from the United States can
now be shipped into New Zealand.
Heretofore shipments have been al-
lowed only from Australia.

The Silent Athletic Club

— UNDER AUSPICES OF —

Great New York Division, No. 23



Don't miss the—
**Stereoptic
Exhibition**
"NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO"
By CHAS. C. McMANN
(Your picture may be in it.)

AT ST. ANN'S GYMNASIUM
511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, June 14th
Humorous Stories by REV. MR.
KENT. Two Hours of Entertain-
ment.

Admission, 35 cents.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 2535 N. 19th St.
Holy Communion—First Sunday,
10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00
P.M.
Morning Prayer—Third Sunday,
10:30 A.M.
Evening Prayer—Every Sunday ex-
cept the third, 3:00 P.M.
Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15
P.M.
Cleric Literary Association—Every
Thursday evening after 7:30
o'clock.
Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thurs-
day afternoon.
Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each
month, 8 P.M.

RUSSIA

a thrilling Lecture by

ALBERT V. BALLIN

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

AT TEMPLE ISRAEL
Lenox Ave. and 126th Street

Sunday Evening, April 27, 1919
at 8:30 o'clock

The lecture will be started with a rendi-
tion in signs of the Marseillaise, assist-
ed by two young ladies

Admission, 15 Cents



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AT

**Roosevelt Hall, 5th floor
Walker Auditorium**
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When in Sunny California, Visit Us.

FACTORY WORK

We are offering steady employ-
ment to a large number of mutes
for production work in the rubber
industry, between the ages of 18 to
40, weighing 140 pounds or more.
No previous experience necessary.

While learning, we pay you 37½
cents per hour, which takes from
one to six weeks, after which you
are able to earn \$4 to \$6 per day
and better. Our factory operates
six days per week on three eight-
hour shifts.

We now employ 450 mutes and
maintain a clubhouse and encourage
athletics and offer educational ad-
vantages free of charge.

We will assist you to obtain board
and rooms or houses at lowest rates.
Physical examination principally of
heart, eyes, and for hernia required.

Apply in person or communicate
at once with Mr. A. D. Martin,
Factory School,

**The Goodyear Tire and
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PICNIC AND GAMES

under auspices of

Greater New York Division, No. 23

**N. F. S. D.
At DEXTER PARK**

JAMAICA AVE. At ELDERT ST.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

On Saturday, August 30, 1919

FULL DETAILS OF THE PROGRAM WILL BE ANNOUNCED
LATER.

COMMITTEE
J. BOHLMAN, Chairman
A. BERG
W. SHERIDAN
H. LEIBSOHN
B. SILVERMOND

Direction to the Park: Take Lexington Ave. "L" marked "Jamaica" at the
Brooklyn Bridge, or under the Municipal Building, to the Eldert St. (78th St.) station.

PROGRAMME OF

D. M. U. L.

139 West 125 Street.

AFFAIRS

Sat. Eve., April 26, 1919
At 8 o'clock

"Victory Carnival"

AND

Whist Tournament

In fancy dress

MASKS NOT PERMITTED

ADMISSION FIFTY CENTS

Including prizes and refreshments.

Sat. Eve., May 31, 1919
at 8 o'clock

"Potato Social"

LET US ALL GO

WHIST

AND

**VICTORY
DANCE**

XAVIER EPHPHETA SOCIETY

Rev. Thomas F. White, S. J., Moderator
AT XAVIER SCHOOL HALL
122-127 West 17th St., 6th and 7th Avenues.

Decoration Day Evening.
Thursday, May 29th,
at 8 o'clock

One, Two, Three, and a Booby
PRIZE FOR THE WHIST GAME.

ONE-STEP DANCING CONTEST
Open to partners comprising one deaf and
one hearing person.

REFRESHMENTS AT COST

TICKETS, EACH 35 CENTS

DIRECTION
Major Miss Mae Austria
Annette Hannon Wm G. McLaughlin
Katherine Lamberson Thos J. Cosgrove
Mae Butler James F. Lonergan

THE TOY SHOP

ONLY ONE SCENE GUARANTEED!!!

THE V. B. C. A. A.

Sat. eve., June 21, 1919

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511 WEST 148TH STREET

Admission 35 cents.

FOURTH ANNUAL

VICTORY and PEACE

FANCY DRESS BALL

— OF THE —

NEWARK DIVISION, No. 42

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

— AT THE —

THE KRUEGER AUDITORIUM

15-27 BELMONT AVENUE

Newark, New Jersey

Saturday, April 26, 1919

Music by Prof. F. Voss

TICKETS, (including wardrobe) 50 CENTS

About fifteen valuable and handsome
prizes to be awarded the winners.

How to Reach the Hall:—From New York, to take the Hudson Tube to Park
Place, Newark, N. J., then take the trolley cars "Springfield" at the Terminal (a few
blocks from the Tube Station); or take the Jitneys waiting for the Deaf party at the
Tube, and get off at the Hall.

12th Year

GRAND

Fancy Dress Ball

— OF THE —

H. C. D.

(Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf)

— AT THE —

NEW YORKVILLE CASINO

210 East 86th Street, near 3d Avenue

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 17, 1919

MUSIC BY PROF. SWEYD

Fifty valuable prizes will be awarded to the winners

ADMISSION 50 CENTS

INDOOR CIRCUS

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

Saturday Evening, May 24th.

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR PROGRAM ANNOUNCEMENT.

PICNIC & ATHLETIC MEET

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association

(New York's Foremost Athletic Club for the Deaf)

— AT —

ULMER PARK

Saturday, August 9, 1919

COMPETITIVE GAMES FOR VALUABLE TROPHIES AND
PRIZES. DETAILS AND PROGRAM WILL BE AN-
NOUNCED LATER.

IRVING BLUMENTHAL, Chairman.

PICNIC & GAMES

New York Council No. 2

Knights of De l'Epee

ULMER PARK

ATHLETIC FIELD

Saturday, July 12, 1919

Particulars later

PACH STUDIO

111 Broadway, N. Y.

PORTRAITS

IN

Sepia and Carbon Black

Special rates to our deaf
friends and their families.

As a general thing we use the
fashionable dark back-
grounds, but patrons can
have white backgrounds, or
neutral backgrounds if they
so request.

We aim, first of all, to please
in the highest sense of the
word.

TRINITY BUILDING

Wall Street Subway Station.

LIFE

Would you like to make the investment
that nine times out of ten means more to
a man and his loved ones than any other
he ever makes?

Would you like to lay up, in an easy and
convenient way, a substantial fund for the
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retary, 87 St. Nicholas Ave., Brooklyn, N.
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**Deaf-Mutes' Union
League, Inc.**

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The object of the Society is the social,
recreative, and intellectual advancement
of its members. Stated meetings are held
on the second and fourth Thursdays of
every month. Members are present for
social recreation Tuesday and Thursday
evenings, Saturday and Sunday after-
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Visitors, coming from a distance of over
twenty-five miles, are always welcome.
Chas. LeClere, President; Albert V.
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SOLDIERS SAILORS

"Victory Party"

under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

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St. Mark's Parish House

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One block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, May 31, 1919

Admission, 25 Cents
Including Refreshments

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE
H. C. Borgstrand, Chairman
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A. Berg Miss M. Westernhagen
Miss I. Ruge K. Christgau

Strawberry Festival:
Saturday, June 28, 1919

National Association for the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

An Organization for the Welfare
of all the Deaf

OBJECTS

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional
and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employ-
ment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and
National Departments of Labor;

To oppose the unjust application of
liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against
the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines
of employment;

To co-operate in the improvement, develop-
ment and extension of educational facilities
for deaf children;

To encourage the use of the most approved
and successful methods of instruction in
schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such
methods to the need of individual pupils,
and to oppose the indiscriminate applica-
tion of any single method to all;

To see to the enactment of stringent laws
for the suppression of the impostor evil—
hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;

To raise an endowment fund—the income
of which is to be devoted to furthering the
objects of the Association;

To erect a national memorial to Charles
Michael De l'Epee—the universal benefactor
of the Deaf.

MEMBERSHIP

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the
United States;
Associate Members: Deaf person; not
citizens of the United States and Hearing
Persons interested in the welfare of the
Deaf.

FEES AND DUES

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50
Cents. Life membership, \$25 paid into the
Endowment fund. One time. All Official
Publications free to members.

Official Organ: THE NAD

Every deaf citizen and all others inter-
ested in the advancement of the Deaf along
educational and industrial lines are urged
to join the Association and co-operate
financially and otherwise in promoting its
objects.

Life memberships, donations and be-
quests towards the increase of the Endow-
ment fund are especially needed and
earnestly solicited. To the end that per-
manent headquarters, in charge of salaried
experts, may be maintained for the more
efficient and vigorous prosecution of the
work of the Association.

OFFICERS

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St. Louis, Mo.

James W. Howson, First Vice-President,
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Cloa G. Lamson, Second Vice-President,
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Jay C. Howard, Board Member,
Investment and Real Estate,
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Olof Hanson, Board Member,
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Omaha, Nebraska.

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Willis Hubbard, Treasurer, Flint, Michi-
gan.

Olof Hanson, Omaha, Nebraska.

Edwin W. Erlabee, West Medford, Mass.

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rough whom remittances for dues, fees,
donations and life membership
may be made.

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Deaf, Talladega.

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